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A Lay of the Golden West.

MONTH THE FIRST—JUNE.

I am a rustling Tenderfoot,
I'm laying for a claim;
Can any of your rustlers put
A fellow on the same?
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
A thousand to the ton, or such.

MONTH THE SECOND—JULY.

I am a peaceful Tenderfoot,
I'm looking for a chance
To join some fortunate galoot
That's struck a circumstance.
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
A hundred to the ton, or such.

MONTH THE THIRD—AUGUST.

I am a struggling Tenderfoot,
I'm hunting for some pard
That's got the downright moral root
To play a grub stake card.
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
A burro, can of beans, or such.

MONTH THE FOURTH—SEPTEMBER.

I am a weary Tenderfoot,
I want some Eastern bum
Within my hand his hand to put
And sweetly murmur "Home."
I ain't a hog, I don't want much—
An empty through-freight car, or such.

SAVED BY A SONG.

"You may cease your discussion. My mind is fully settled in the matter," said Mrs. Grovenor, moving her chair back from the family breakfast table with an air of decision that would have done credit to a general of armed forces.

Bella, the eldest of her three marriageable daughters, and the dark-eyed beauty of the family, sank back in her seat in elegant resignation, while Marcha, the second child, remained nervously beating the bowl of her spoon upon the delicate China coffee-cup.

She was remarkable for nothing but flirtations and a fine figure, and had insisted upon spending the summer at Saratoga, while Bella had plead for a cottage at Long Branch or Cape May.

Fannie, the youngest and fairest, the violet-eyed, sunny-haired idol of her father, had talked of the hills and the cool, green country.

The discussion had waxed warm, and would have doubtless become torrid but for the timely decision of madam, who said:

"If I can find a place among the hills of Pennsylvania, where the feet of city pilgrims never trod, or where tourists never penetrate, there will I, metaphorically, pitch my tent."

"Oh! the hills of Pennsylvania!" gasped Marcha.

"And the horrid farmhouses, with their rag carpets, family groups of photographs and wheezing melodeon," sneered Bella.

"To say nothing of their home-talent pictures and butter-crock pottery," sneered Marcha.

"And all the green woods and sweet-scented meadows," exclaimed the delighted Fannie, springing up and hugging her papa, who had dropped his eyeglasses and newspaper and was laughing at the discomfited Bella and Marcha.

"You have the best of 'em, eh, kitten, as you always do?" said he.

"I wish you would all reserve your comments until I have concluded the programme for the summer," interposed Mrs. Grovenor. "As I was saying, we will go to the country during June and a portion of July. The remainder of the time we will divide between Long Branch and Saratoga. So make your preparations accordingly, and let me hear no more about it," and she arose and left the room.

Consequently, in due time, and to the infinite delight of Fannie, she awoke one lovely crystalline morning in June in a quaint old farmhouse. The sloping roof of their chamber mattered nothing to her, or the dismal croaking of her sisters, who declared over and over again that they should certainly die in such a wild with confusion of the brain, as they were constantly forgetting that it was possible to assume an upright position in their bedroom save in its center.

For Fannie there was a world of space and a wilderness of bloom out of doors, and only six weeks to explore the whole, and so the dear child of nature was always up with the lark and out in the tangled, dew-laden grass.

One morning her mother and sisters came down to a late breakfast to find, as usual, that Fannie was out and off, having broken her fast with Farmer Hobbs and his wife.

"She's gone a-fishing, and wanted me to tell you she wouldn't be back to dinner," returned ther landlady to an inquiry of the family.

"It's dreadful, mamma," yawned Bella. "I do believe she will be devoured, or something terrible happen to her."

"Never fear, miss," replied Mrs. Hobbs; "she'll be back all right. She has only gone up the creek, and there hain't no place in it deep enough to drowned her except the Devil's Churn, and that's three mile and better away, and nobody would ever think of going there, it's so wild and tangled like."

"I hope she'll get enough of the country, with its wet grass, snakes and lizards," said Marcha, helping herself to a liberal portion of the sweet golden butter.

"Never!" asserted Mrs. Hobbs, coming out upon the broad veranda where they usually breakfasted, with an armfull of bright milk-pans, which she placed in a row by the bee-hives in the sun. "Never! She is one of them as is natural-born artists, and she can't no more live without nature than a humming bi[illegible] me[illegible]posie."

Meanwhile Fannie, clad in a pretty, dark flannel suit, neatly braided with a paler shade, a jaunty sailor hat, stout shoes, an alpenstock, which by an ingenious device could be turned into a fishing-rod, a little tourist's basket containing lunch and tackle and fastened by a strap across her shoulders, had passed the garden paths, up the lane and over the fields into the woods, until she came to a little brook that went dancing over its pebbly channel and by moss-fringed and fern-edged banks, now glancing and singing through sunny glades or whispering and sighing beneath thickly matted foliage and darksome shades.

Flushed with exercise, the young girl paused to now and then make little stores of gathered treasures, to be taken up on her return. There were matted leaves, trailing vines, feathery mosses, a branch of the shell-like blooming laurel, with a bunch of delicate ferns; and she had whispered to herself:

"I suppose I shall have an awful time to get there, but I mean to explore those tangled depths Mr. Hobbs was telling about, wherein lies that wonderful pool called by the elegant and expressive name of the 'Devil's Churn.'"

After lunching in a grapevine arbor and trying her little white hands at fishing, she gathered up her possessions and entered the wildest and darkest part of the glen and began a climbing ascent over brambles and hugh boulders and through interlaced branches that at times almost defied her strength. But she scrambled on into damp, gloomy labyrinths, where rarely a ray of sunlight penetrated even at noon. Presently the brook grew more and more turbulent, the gloom more impenetrable, the way more difficult, and but for the dash and song of a waterfall which proclaimed itself near, Fannie would have turned back weary and frightened.

But with a last effort she forced her way through a perfect portcullis of green, and with an exclamation half of fear and half of delight paused, panting and breathless, upon the brink of a circular pool of dark green water, which seemed to be the heart out of which glided the little stream that had guided her thither.

Into this pool from a rocky height there glided a waterfall of foaming whiteness, like the veil of a bride, broken into little threads or ribbons here and there by sharp, jutting rocks.

Almost inadvertently Fannie started back with an exclamation of dread as she glanced down into the pit of fathomless waters. Then as she stood regarding the scene it grew upon her in beauty and grandeur until she clapped her hands with delight, and whispered:

"Oh! was there anything so lovely and yet so terrible?"

Up the rocky sides of the precipice, curved as a bowl, over which came the waterfall, grew mosses and trailing vines, gnarled, knotted, and winding in and out of the broken ledges in fantastic twistings and turnings. Low down at the brink of the pool ran a narrow pathway, formed by a slight, shelly projection of the rock and terminating in an out-jutting platform, upon which the parasite creepers had fastened their roots and by a freak of nature fashioned themselves into a rude chair, and which Mr. Hobbs had described as that of his satanic majesty.

"And so," she whispered in awe, "this is the resting-place of the sulphurous king, or, better still, that of his spouse, Persephone."

Then she fell to wondering if she would dare traverse the little shelf and seat herself in the inviting resting-place. The suggestion nerved her to try and do so, and with the aid of her alpenstock, and clinging to the roots and tendrils of the vines, she slowly accomplished her desire and sat upon the curious rustic chair. Looking down into the green water over which she was literally suspended, awe stricken, and then glancing upward she saw the sunlight dancing amid the thick foliage far above and wondered if even a chance ray ever penetrated the silent depths.

As these thoughts flitted swiftly through her mind a single arrow-like beam of golden light shot downward to her feet and gleamed in the water beneath as a dazzling ruby in an emerald setting. With one hand clinging to her stout staff and one white arm linked into the vine she sat and rested until chilled and dampened by the sprays of the waters. Then she determined to retreat from the dangerous position and return home. But upon regaining her feet, still clinging to her support, a low, rumbling, cracking sound broke upon her ear, mingling with that of the leaping waters, and the next instant the entire ledge gave way and the affrighted girl found herself suspended above that awful gulf without a foothold, save the smallest possible space!

Involuntarily she shrieked for aid; but the noise of the rushing, foaming waters drowned her own as completely as if her white lips had remained closed and mute.

Thoughts of loved ones, the shelter and safety of home, and the fearful death that awaited her—perhaps that when she could hold on no longer and she had fallen into that inky pool nothing would be left to tell that there she had found a grave, and searching ones would never have an answer to the question as to the mystery of her fate, forced themselves upon her.

Like a torrent the flood gates of her tears broke forth and so exhausted her that she came near falling, but nerving herself she clung to her sweet young life as long as she could. Her sobbing ceased, and with an uplifted gaze toward the calm, blue strip of summer sky, she breathed a prayer for help or strength to die, if such were the will of her Creator. Then as if inspired by faith she sang a verse of the "Rock of Ages," and never were sweeter notes blended with that leaping, dancing waterfall, though hundreds of blythe song-birds had vied with each other in anthems of praise to the Divine architect of the grand old rocks and hills.

Softly rose the trembling voice, filled with liquid soul melody, higher, deeper and yet clearer swelled the notes until the very air vibrated with the rhythm of vocal prayer,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,"

and the full lips and pure young face grew transcendantly beautiful with its conceptions of the Almighty and His love and tender care of all His creatures.

Then, even as voice and clinging limbs were losing all their strength, something came falling down from above with the boiling foam and drifted out with the black waters of the pool. Venturing one downward glance, she saw a hat of rough straw floating upon the water, and, glancing swiftly upward with terror and joy, caught a glimpse of a man slowly climbing down the face of the terrible cliff, clinging, slipping, trusting to strong hands, and heroically coming to her rescue or to share death with her. But everything swam before her eyes, and as the blackness of night settled down upon her, her head fell forward upon the cold, wet rock to which she was clinging, and in an instant more she would have fainted and fallen.

"Hold on!" he shouted, "just a moment."

With a great effort she raised herself from the swoon that was death and waited with closed eyes until she felt a hand grasping her own and heard a voice shouting:

"Now let go. Trust entirely to me. I must draw you up to where I have a foothold."

Slowly, and with difficulty, Fannie extricated her slender bruised white arm from the coil of the vine and felt herself elevated, until her feet rested upon a little projection by the side of him who was venturing his life for hers.

"You should not have come, sir," faltered Fannie, glancing up into a pair of dark eyes. "It was better I should die alone than you should also perish, for we can never—"

"Hush!" whispered the stranger. "Only be calm and do as I bid you. Here," he continued, stooping a little, while still clinging to the face of the rock, "place your foot in my hand and then reach up to yonder sapling, and, with my assistance, pull yourself up. Everything depends upon your coolness and bravery. But for your life do not look downward."

With closed lips and set teeth Fannie did as she was bidden, and presently stood in a position where she could find support, and waited with closed lids and misty eyes until the gentleman had placed himself by her side.

Again his strong arm held her until they had rested, and then he said:

"That was bravely done, but in order to gain safety we must pass through this sliding sheet of water. You must lock your arms about my neck and trust yourself entirely to me. I think we shall be successful, but in any event you must resign your fate into my hands and keep yourself cool and calm."

"I will try. But it is terrible. I mean the thought that I am periling another human life by my insane rashness," returned Fannie, with tears flooding her blue eyes.

"You must not think at all now. Nerve yourself, for it is growing late, and life and all it means is awaiting us on yonder summit."

"Yes; but what a death below!" she gasped.

"But I shall make a desperate struggle for the former. Are you ready?"

As he spoke he wound his left arm about her slender waist, and instantly Fannie twined hers about his neck as if he were a brother, and a moment later she felt the dash of water in her face and over her form. Fighting inch by inch, in the water, out of it, clinging to the swaying loops of vines, they suddenly passed into a broad belt of sunlight—were ushered, as it were, headlong into life.

When Fannie recovered from the almost deathly swoon into which she had fallen the instant she comprehended safety was found, she was lying above the waterfall upon a dry mound, and her deliverer attempting to restore her to consciousness by dashing cool water in her face. She sat up, sobbed her thanks, and when they had talked over how she came suspended over the "Devil's Churn," and how he, coming from a neighboring field to a famous spring of ice-cold water just at the head of the falls, heard her singing, and at first was tempted to believe it spirit music, but, attracted by the sweetness of the voice, had leaned over the chasm, discovered and came to her rescue. He continued:

"Born and nurtured in the neighborhood, I know every foot of the ground, and in boyhood often made the descent and ascent."

When Fannie had fully recovered she learned more of the history of her rescuer—that he bore the musical name of Clarence Cameron, that he was home from college upon a summer vacation, and that a large white mansion, to be seen from where they were conversing, was his residence; and which shortly after they entered, even in her wretched condition.

That night, after a moonlight ride with her rescuer, she found the Hobbs farm house in great commotion, and when all of her adventures and perils had been recounted again and again, Bella and Marcha tormented her with questions about the gallant knight whom fate had sent to her rescue.

"Such elegant people," concluded Fannie, "such a lovely house, such exquisite grounds, such a flower garden, and just think of it, a genuine Landseer over the mantel, and Rosa Bonheur on the walls of the parlor, and a grand piano! and such a supper as they gave me—such splendid strawberries and real cream! And think of my eating them in one of Mrs. Cameron's best dresses, a mile too large for me, while my own was under a drying and repairing process."

"Was there ever such a madcap?" exclaimed Bella.

"It is shocking! I am certain I shall not sleep a wink all night," groaned mamma.

"And, of course, notwithstanding the politeness you received, the young gentleman must think you a downright fool, Fan," interlarded Marcha.

Poor little Fannie went to bed very thankful, but humble, and cried herself to sleep, while thinking how very silly Clarence Cameron must have deemed her.

On the contrary, that young gentleman could not sleep for thinking of the little maid he had fished out of the "Devil's Churn." Over and over again he declared to himself that she was the lovliest, most heroic little thing he had ever met—in short, had fallen madly in love with the girl, and when, at last, nature asserted itself and he slept in the wee small hours he dreamed of the tender, white arms that twined themselves so closely around his neck, of the soft, yielding form he was forced to clasp to his heart in that awful struggle for life.

"She is so young," exclaimed Bella, one day, when talking of the matter, "that if I were you, mamma, I would forbid Fannie's tramping all over the country with that Clarence Cameron."

"He is a splendid catch," was answered, "and while I wish it might have been one of my elder daughters, yet I am very much pleased that Fan has drawn such a prize."

"So!" exclaimed her father, when a few weeks later he came to take them home, "so you went a fishing, Fan, and caught a whale they tell me? I shall have to look into the matter," he laughed, as his favorite ran out of the room, with her face like a garden of roses, and ran right into the arms of a young gentleman who was coming up the walk in the shadows of evening.

"By the way," continued the old man to Bella and Marcha, "what kind of a vine was it that saved the dear child?"

"A grapevine, papa."

"Ha! And it bore sweet fruit for her and only sour grapes for you," and he went out laughing at their indignant faces.

The next morning Mr. Grovenor and young Cameron made a pilgrimage to the "Devil's Churn," and when the former comprehended the awful situation in which his child had been and the heroism of the man who had saved her life, he turned suddenly away from the black, sullen pool, and grasping the young man by the hand, and with his eyes filling with tears, said:

"Heaven bless you, my boy. How can I ever thank you as I ought?"

"By giving Fannie to me, sir!" was promptly answered.

"You saved her life, and it shall be yours," responded the old man, and together they returned homeward.

That evening Clarence Cameron had very much to tell Fannie out in the moonlight among the flowers, and the promise given was sealed by a kiss and to be further strengthened at a later period with the snowy veil and orange blossoms that usher in wifehood.

Chinamen in Philadelphia.

No one in passing through the streets can have failed to observe the industry displayed by the workers in the Chinese laundries. No matter what crowd gathers about the door or window, John works on heedless and impassive, his whole interest centered in the white piece under his hand, his whole intent being to impart a polish and to render as neat as possible the linen entrusted to his care. A room on some ground floor is the one the Chinaman generally selects for his trade. A middle room answers for sleeping apartments for the family, large or small, whilst the cooking and washing performance is relegated to a third room at the rear, a yard or alley, if obtainable, serving for all manner of things too numerous to mention. For these apartments the Chinese pay from $15 to $30 a month, according to accommodation and locality. Some of them, however, are not confined to the apartments that are seen from the streets, but with a view to comfort and cleanliness occupy a whole house, with all modern conveniences. These latter are among the oldest established here, and are well off in this world's goods, with savings carefully laid away in bank.

With a view to improv[illegible] themselves in the English language the Chinese attend a school established for their benefit at the corner of Seventeenth and Bainbridge streets. According to their own reports the attendance at this school is not large, nor can it be said to be very punctual. They have classes on Monday evenings, and religious exercises on Sunday afternoons.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Father Rudolph, a Roman Catholic priest at Clyde, Ohio, has left the ministry and married.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Plucky Woman.

While Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hinckley, of Eureka, were on their way to the City of Mexico, traveling in a stage coach, they were stopped once by Mexicans and once by Apache Indians. They lost but fifty dollars by both parties, as Mrs. Hinckley carried the purse and was not disturbed. One Mexican stood in front of the team and the other came to demand what money they had. Mr. Hinckley had a revolver under the seat cushion, but before he had time to think of it his wife drew it out and shot the robber who demanded the money. The report of the pisto[illegible] frightened the team, and it broke awa[illegible] dashing over the Mexican holding [illegible] The horses were soon checked and the robber captured before he had a chance to recover himself. They lashed him up and took him with them to the city, where he was safely secured.—*Eureka (Nevada) Sentinel.*

Woman's Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female [illegible]an the possession of a sweet temp[illegible] Home can never be made happy [illegible]out it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in a wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominate over the bad feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

Fashion Notes.

Long faces look best with low coiffures.

Traveling costumes are made very short.

Tall women should not wear high coiffures.

Bracelets made of old silver medals, linked together with silver beads are the fancy of the moment.

Tidies are made of genuine lace, framed in blocks and squares of tinted satin of harmonizing hues.

Wedding shoes of white satin are laced up the inside and finished at the tops with a delicate frill of rich lace.

Some of the new lace pins and bonnet ornaments show griffin, sphinx or Medici heads in bronze enamel and Roman gold.

Decorators are now turning their attention to the common wooden horse buckets as a thing on which to expend their skill.

Stamped silks are to be the novelty of next season. The designs are taken from playing cards and from Alhambra wall decorations, or sometimes represent Egyptian heads.

Linen collars of rather startling height are among the coming fashions, but as they are almost hidden by lace covered with ribbon, their effect is better than might be supposed.

A house dress is made quite dressy-looking by wearing in front a large jabot bow of white lace, side by side of another bow of bright colored ribbon, the ends of which coil around the lace folds of the jabot, and are finally fastened together on the opposite side, at the waist, by a jeweled insect, or pretty brooch, or flower.

North Woods Bait.

"Boy, do you live around here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you must know the best fishing ground?"

"No, sir. We never fish in the ground up here."

"But do they catch any fish in that lake over there?"

"I never saw 'em catch any."

"How is the creek?"

"I guess its purty well."

"Don't they fish for trout here?"

"I never axed 'em what they was fishing for?"

"Is there any game in the woods?"

"I never saw any, but I'm nearsighted."

"Do many people come here?"

"I guess so."

"Any scenery around here?"

"I guess so, but I forgot to look and see."

"Boy, what bait do you use here to fish with?"

"Well, we've got four schoolma'ams from Grand Rapids boarding at our house, and that other man over on the hill has a deaf and dumb coon, a tame bear, and a part of a busted 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' troupe. I guess its purty good bait; by the way, the old man is putting up beds in the barn, and cussin himself for not plantin' more onions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Curious Cholera Cure.

"It is a sin," said the late Rev. Dr. William Tracy, who spent the whole of his adult life as a missionary in India, and who had experience in many hundreds of cases of cholera, "for any one to die of cholera. If at the first premonitory symptoms he lies down at once and submits to a treatment, the principal part of which consists of a patient and persistent rubbing of the abdomen, to be kept up even after apparent collapse has occurred he is certain to recover."—*Pittsburg Leader.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Bourbon county (Ky.) hen is making a reputation as a rat killer.

A dog kennel in Montgomery county, Ohio, comprises between six and seven acres of ground, and the dog flesh is valued at $75,000.

Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, divides his time between his writings, his roses and horseback rides. He will be eighty-one in October next.

A woman hanged herself three times in one night in a Springfield cell, using strips of her clothing to make nooses, and each time was cut down before she was quite dead.

The tunnel under the seas from France to England is to be completed in ten years; and English papers are beginning to express opinions as to a possible invasion through the hole.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is said that the belting made of paper has been tested, and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

The queen of a band of gypsies encamped at Erie, Pa., owns stock in the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, a farm near Dayton, O., and houses worth $60,000. Her name is Amelia Wells, and her age is sixty years.

It is said that the cost of living for college men at Harvard, who make their appearance in the best society, is not less than $1,500 a year, and at Yale it is $1,200. This is not for extravagent individuals either, but for those who are quite moderate in their desires.

A canary bird in New York imitates the most difficult air performed on the piano. A smart bird; but a canary in Norristown warbles the choicest selections from the old composers and accompanies itself on the piano. It also plays very artistically on a jewsharp and an accordion at the same time. The owner says he wouldn't take seventy-five cents for it.—*Norristown Herald.*

Shooting Whales.

The "modern improvements" in the whale fishery are as remarkable as in other industries, though not so generally known. One of the most noteworthy of these is the javelin bomb, an account of which Mr. Voy, of [illegible] Francisco, has lately sent to *La Nat[illegible]*. It consists of a metalic cylinder terminated by a cylindrical bomb, at the end of which is a rod with a very sharp, barbed point. This projectile is sent off by means of a kind of harquebus rested on a thin vertical support and on the shoulder of the man who fires. At the moment of firing a screen rises automatically, to protect the man's person, and the projectile goes off. The latter is attached behind to a cord which it draws out with it. If the shot be a good one the projectile enters the body of the whale, and the shell then explodes, causing a piece of iron to open out, so as to form a kind of double hook, by which the whale is held. The projectile is generally fired from a rowing boat. The instrument is a powerful one. In some instances the projectile could be driven eight metres, in which case it and the cord drawn would weigh not less than one hundred kilograms. Mr. Voy describes a striking incident in which a large, yellow-bellied whale (a kind very rarely attacked on account of its tremendous vigor) was sho[illegible] from a small five-ton steamer when quite near. The projectile went right through part of the body, and exploded beyond. The whale was attached, however, by the cord, and it dragged the steamer four consecutive hours at a speed sometimes of sixteen kilometres an hour, though the engine was reversed. Sunset came, and the whale, being still lively, the cord was cut.

The City of Tunis.

From our window there is a charming spectacle of flat roofs, white domes and minarets, here and there touched with pinky light. A sluggish breeze fitfully rustles among the leaves of palms and bananas surrounding the hotel and lazily plays among the awnings which still hang along the balconies, on which visitors to the hotel sit waiting for the dinner-gong; while the natives may be seen basking in the cool, brief twilight on the low, flat-roofed houses, among which rise here and there in solitary grace a palm tree, and, alone in its proportions, the massive outline of the city mosque. On the minarets of the mosque a mysterious lamp is lighted; a dim figure with uplifted hand, as from a great pulpit, calls to the four quarters of the heavens. Dreamy silence, mystic twilight and air of miserable melancholy—such are the first impressions on setting eyes on this immense city.—*Good Words.*

When Trees May Safely be Peeled.

It is said that if, on the longest day in the year, June 21, the bark of a tree is entirely peeled off a new bark will immediately grow. Winslow Smith, of St. Johnsville, having on his premises an old and worthless apple tree he had intended to cut down, determined to try the experiment. He had little faith that the tree would live. Accordingly, on the 21st of June, he stripped the bark entirely off, and to his suprise the leaves of the tree even did not wilt, but grew right along, and the tree is now growing a new, fine bark. It is explained that about that time in June the sap of the tree does not lie immediately next to the bark, but is confined in a delicate inner bark that forms; thus peeling the bark off at that time does deprive the tree of the sap.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

"Joyce" will have something to say in our next about the wearing of mourning apparel.

—Last week Mr. William Becket met with quite a serious and painful accident but he is now doing well and steadily improving.

The gloom into which the country was thrown last Saturday and Sunday was equaled only by the terrific shock and painful suspense of July 2, 3, 4, and 5.

Hope is strong that President Garfield will successfully pass the fearful ordeal and be restored to the bosom of his family and to the discharge of these duties for which he was chosen.

Referring to the Norfolk excursion the *New South* says:

Too much cannot be said in favor of Messrs. John H. Smith, J. W. Hunter, Richard Jackson, and H. B. Abrams, to whose indefatigable efforts the success of the affair is principally due.

To this we would add, the following: Inasmuch as parties are being named for special credit, it should be remembered that while only ninety dollars worth of tickets had been disposed of by members of the committee before they were on sale at the boat, *forty dollars'* worth was sold by Mr. G. B. Anderson and sixteen dollars' worth by Mr. Peter Walker—these two gentlemen selling much more than *all the rest* of the members of the committee put together. Mr. Anderson himself sold nearly, if not quite, twice as much as the members whose names are given special credit for the success of this excursion.

OUR CIVIL RIGHTS.

A colored man cannot get a meal in what are termed the first class restaurants of Washington. This gives to the white employes in the goverment service a decided advantage over the colored employes. A white clerk can furnish a room and by taking his meals at at a restaurant, save from one hundred to two hundred dollars in a year. Congress should adopt some sort of a license system that will break up this infamous discrimination. Of course, to those who have never been subjected to the inconvenience of a dark skin, this may seem a trifling matter, but no colored gentleman can visit the capital of his country without feeling keenly the sting, and the deep disgrace which attaches to a government permitting such outrages under the very shadows of its capital.—*Editorial correspondence of the Indianapolis Leader.*

The above is true "and pity 'tis 'tis true."

There is a law on our statue books enacted in the days of the Shepherd regime which makes such discrimination as that complained of—illegal and punishable by fine if not imprisonment. What is necessary is that this law be respected and vigorously enforced. This can be done in two ways; first by a healthy public sentiment to which the press of this city can very largely contribute; and second by fighting the violations, of the law in the courts.

The first corrective of this evil must in anyevent, be resorted to for under our system of jurisprudence no law regulating civil rights can be enforced against local public sentiment. The failure of the enforcement laws in South Carolina and in other states, where there was no conflict about the evidence, is a case in point.

Now it is the duty of the *Republican, Republic, Gazette, Chronicle,* and other papers which profess resublicanism to denounce in unmeasured terms the practice of restaurateurs, saloon-keepers and dairy men, who draw the color-line. Men, employes in the civil service performing duties for the General Government, distinguished foreigners of African descent, high colored officials drawn here to receive orders etc. are liable to such insults on Pennsylvania ave. or opposite the Treasury department for which we would hold Great Britain, Germany or France responsible were similar affronts shown in these countries to the humblest American citizen.

To use the words of an Ex-Cabinet Minister who had previously been in the diplomatic service "The United States can protect the lowest American prostitute in her civil rights in Europe but it seems powerless under our constitution to secure even its own officials, especially if they be colored, in their legal and civil rights at home."

"Away with such a constitution! away with such a country' would be the immediate response from every lover of liberty; but it is unnecessary to destroy the one or to do away with the other. Let such a healthy sentiment be created that such infractions of the law be impossible except at great cost and the evil will cease. We therefore call on the press regardless of party, to denounce this practice in public places which denies to respectable colored men the exercise of rights which such a wretch as Guiteau, for instance, could have enjoyed without question.

It may and doubtless will be replied that there are so many colored people who are noisy, misbehaved, untidy and repulsive that to treat them like other people would break down the business of any man who would attempt it—in fact we know a colored man who opening a dairy lunch and drawing no color line soon had his business destroyed because of this class.

To this plea there is a reply. There must be discrimination between the good and the bad, the respectable and those who are not, between gentleman and ladies and those who are not, regardless of color. To make no such discrimination, to compel colored gentlemen and ladies to suffer for the misconduct of roughs, is to place virtue and vice upon equal grounds. If colored gentlemen and ladies are to suffer, so long as there is vulgarity on the part of a portion of their race, they will suffer forever.

Regarding the other way by which to stop this needless discrimination, let it be admitted that it is our fault if we permit this thing to go on without effort to break it up, and at once. It can be made expensive, if not dangerous, for Mr. Ward, for instance, or any of those saloon keepers on F or 9th street to insult colored ladies or gentlemen who desire to be served at their establishments. There is law enough to meet the case. What is needed is an organization or a fund pledged to assist in the prosecution of these violations of our laws.

With the guarantee that these men would be vigorously prosecuted by the best available legal talent. it would be no longer prudent on the part of these men to keep up their insults. Last year the ADVOCATE pledged $5.00 as a nucleus to a fund to persecute the men who dared to make discriminations on the river excursion steamers. We renew it, and are at liberty to add that a gentleman well known in our community has $25 to add for the same purpose.

In order to put this matter in a practicable shape we are now ready to place this money in the hands of John F. Cook for the purpose specified should he indicate his willingness to accept the trust, and we hereby request him to signify his pleasure in the matter. For one we are tired of being proscribed in places which receive the protection of the law, and we believe every other respectable citizen is. We have enough to endure, and as long as we willing and cheerfully fully bear these insults, we are so much unworthy of the dignities of citizenship.

Rev. John W. Stevenson, the pastor of Union Bethel church, occupies a position of peculiar influence in this community, as well as in his immediate congregation. He is the chosen representative here of the most powerful and progressive religious organization of the colored poeple of this country—the African Methodist church. This is a community in which the influence of education on religious service is probably more strongly marked than in another city of the country.

The vast number of colored children in the public schools, the number of cultivated teachers, and talented young men in the civil service, have given an impetus to new alliances and associations in religious affairs to a greater degree probably than in any other city of the country.

Rev. Stevenson, who comes here, is a man not without talents of a very high order for systematic financiering and for building churches. His career in New Jersey and Pennsylvania has won for him the title of 'The Great Church Builder." Notwithstanding his success elsewhere, his reputation will be materially effected by his career here. If he fails it will be seen that he had reached the highest point of his development and usefulness. If he erects his church, but for a congregation decimated by large secessions of what was *previously* regarded as good church material, and at the expense of local dissensions which extend to the social and the family circle, it will be a blot upon his reputation as a pastor that will be more difficult to be wiped out than the stains on the hand of Lady Macbeth.

A year has passed by and the special work for which he came is at hand. So much has been said about it that it is a matter of public concern. It would be unwise to dwell on the fact that about one-seventh of the membership he found here has actually withdrawn from the church and set up for themselves, for the past is *beyond recall.* What concerns us is the present—the future.

Now we suggest that the reverend gentleman, as a man whose administration will certainly mark an era in the history of Union Bethel church and churches generally, pursue the even tenor of his way *without needlessly* giving offense by bravado, bluster or bluff. *It wont pay,* either Bethel church or himself to resort to this method. The pulpit should not be prostituted to such unhallowed uses. It might have been well enough to have exhibited such manners in the past when schools were fewer, when educated and cultured ministers were not to be found, when the people were used to having masters and did not their own thinking; or it might have been harmless to act thus in some country town, especially in such a foreign and out of the way place as New Jersey; but in the Capital of the Nation such conduct is not only rude and vulgar, but decidedly impolitic and destructive—bound eventually to injure the very cause sought to be subserved.

A fine edifice may be erected so beautiful that it will be another ornament to this muce ornamented city and another tribute to the taste and judgment of its projectors; but as "fine feathers never make fine birds" so bricks and mortar do not constitute a fine church, and hence it is possible to succeed in the respect of erecting a building and yet most egregiously fail in all other respects.

We suggest therefore, that he hold himself well in hand and put a bridle on his tongue—at least in the pulpit.

To "Joyce."

FROM QUIZ.

I hardly know how to state my reason for not writing last week. But as is an old saying, "An honest confession is good for the soul." I will confess, I was indulging in one of fashion's pranks.

Why do our people who go north change so much? It does very well when they change for the better, but then they ought not to go back on the cradle they were first rocked in. It seems very strange but it is nevertheless true that they do go back on their "own native land"

I have had remarks made to me and even to people in my presence, like these, "You people of the south do not use yourselves to cleaning once a week thoroughly" It is natural that I should not like to have the people of the North think such a thing as that. So I tell them it is not true, that the people of the south do clean their houses thoroughly once a week, and sometimes more than once a week. Then they speak and say "why 'such and such a one' came to our city and seeing us cleaning once a week seemed very much astonished to see us clean as often as once a week."

Now, you know as well as I that all the peopleare not alike. There are four or five different classes of people. The first class cleans thoroughly every day, the second class manages to have a thorough cleaning three times a week, the third class tries to keep as close to the second as possible, then the fourth class says, "Oh Pshaw! two or three times a month is often enough." Then there is a fifth class that just sweeps that part of the floor that is exposed to view and never thinks of sweeping under the beds and wardrobes; and of course there is enough dust under them to bury little chickens. Now I would like to know your opinion of those people who go north and talk so.

Richmond, Va.

MUST COLORED TEACHERS OF NECESSITY GO TO THE WALL?

(The following extract from a private letter from Philadelphia will be of general interest.)

"Since the passage of the bill to admit colored children in the public schools of Pennsylvania, H. Price William has published several articles congratulatory of the act and encouraging the people to send their children to the so-called white schools, hoping, thereby, to close the schools taught by colored teachers. He says that colored children will respect the white teachers and therefore will learn faster. Some say that white children will not be taught by colored teachers. Here is a case in point to prove that they will if the colored teacher proves himself to be competent.

"Thomas J. Harper brought a letter of introduction to me from the man that Daniel Graham and others he worked for in Portsmouth Va., at thr cooper business, manufacturing shooks (you know the fellow that dined at my saloon with the elastic stomach); he is the only colored student in the Centenary Institute at Hacketstown, New Jersey; he took the Presidents' prize and he teaches in classes in Latin and Algebra, both male and female."

Going, gone!

The old Union Bethel church edifice is a thing of the past. The last services were held Sunday; Rev. Stevenson preached in the morning and Rev. Purdy in the evening. Monday and Tuesday a volunteer force was engaged in preparing the way to facilitate the work by clearing the bricks and removing the debris. Some growlers complained, but it is very commendable in having the members assist in the work. The Gilfield Baptist church, Petersburg, Va., was largely built by the work of its own members. It cost $30,000, the work did not begin until $20,000 had been deposited in bank, and much, if not all the brick used was burnt by the members.

Rev. E. G. Corprew who for the last fifteen years had been one of the leading Baptist pastors in Virginia, died at his residence in Portsmouth a couple of weeks ago and was buried on the following Monday. Elder Corprew was regarded as the ablest colored Baptist pastors who had received his training in Virginia.

He was an earnest and impressive speaker, decidedly doctrinal in his discourses and a radical Baptist. He was one time member of the Advisory Committee of the Freedmen's Bank, and subsequently a director of the Home Saving's Bank of Norfolk. He frequently has been honored with the confidence of the citizens of that place. He was a delegate to the Colored Men's convention held at Syracuse, New York, in 1864. His loss to his community is well nigh irreparable.

Another Letter from Europe

BY W. L. FREEMAN.

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA
July 7th 1881.

Dear ADVOCATE.

I was cheered by the appearence of your issue of the—— all the more so since this is the first time I have seen your smiling face siuce I landed on foreign soil. You may not know how pleasant it is to see and old friend in a foreign land. As this was the first number of the ADVOCATE I had seen I felt as though I could read every line—advertisements and all. The news of the attempted assassination of the President was received here on the third. My attention having been called thereto I hastened to the banking house of the Benedict Brothers of this city on Sunday last where was posted in a conspicuous place dispatches sent over the cable by Drexel & Co. which created a profound sensation among the American visitors here. We were glad to see by dispatches of a more recent date and from the London *Times* with date of the fifth instant that some hope is entertained of his final recovery. God grant that it may be so!

I wish to correct an error in my last letter from Ems, Germany in which I stat that the latter was situated upon the Rhine, instead thereof it is the Lahn, which empties into the former twenty five or thirty miles of.

The day we left Ems—June 29,—the Kaiser also left and upon the same train for Coblentz a short distance from the later place having as you are no doubt advised been called there in consequence of the illness of the Empress. We left the King of Sweden at Ems. We had as pleasant a trip here as European railway carriages are capable of affording, for be it known to you as certainly it is to American travellers here, that travel in Europe is attended with many discomforts, not to say annoyances, of which little is known by those who travel upon our great railway which have comfort and conveniences unknown in Europe lines. You can more fully realize the facts above given when I assure you that there are but few places that the cars remain more than two or three minutes. Our first resting place was Frankfort on the Main whose palatial residences and magnificent hotels and business houses gave evidence of the general thrift of this great business centre. It contains a population of about three hundred thousand souls and is by far the liveliest place I have seen since leaving our own New York the pride of all Americans. Moved by curiosity I went into one of the banking houses here to see what greenbacks were worth and found to my surprise they were at par—a good showing for American credit.

The next landing place of interest is old Nuenberg the oldest city in Germany, having been founded eight hundred years ago. It is a walled city and bears a striking resemblance to some of its sister cities in the far east. It contains a population of about one hundred thousand. Our stay here was of too short duration to get even a tolerable idea of this relic of a by-gone day. Upon our return it is our design to remain here in order to see something of the place.

Leaving the sombre and moss-grown castles towers and houses of old Nuenberg we pressed on to our destination. Time and space forbid more than a mere mention of the rich country through which we passed—its numerous wavy fields of grain ready for the sickle, its innumerable vineyards stretching from the Rhine nearly to this place, the immense hop fields—the latter a most important factor to the happiness of the Teuton's race—for what would a German do without his favorite lager beer. Besides all of the products named there is to be seen all manner of vegetation, including immense quantities of hay which the laborers—principally women, were busily engaged in harvesting. In many instances the women were upon their knees or in a stooping position cutting grass with old fashioned hand scythes. So far as can be seen the use of labor-saving machinery so extensively used among us is perfectly useless here for the reason given in my last letter to wit: The ground is parceled out in such a way as to render its use impracticable. For fear that I am going over too much "ground" I must change the subject.

We reached this place on the second instant in good condition fully prepared to partake of the health giving waters and enjoy the pure mountain air which we find here in great profusion. As you know, Carlsbad is one of the oldest and one of the most celebrated watering places in the world, therefore it would be a work of supererogation for me to enter into details concerning it—of its numerous world renowned mineral waters, its magnificent sprudle baths is only necessary to mention. I will however speak of the wonderful sprudle or spruce spring which throws up a constant stream of boiling hot water to the height of eight to twelve feet which spring is visited by hundreds of people who from 4 to 8 a. m. daily crowd the colonnade where delightful music is discoursed for two hours every morning.

Nor is this the only popular resort for the twenty thousand or more visitors besides the resident population of twelve thousand more people who divide themselves up among the various springs, which are all from tepid to boiling hot as they are severally directed by their attendant physicians. Thereare three colonnades of beautiful design and substantially built where the thousands here congregate every kindred, nation and tribe being represented as well as all manner of disease. There are two more persons of African descent besides myself one a woman the first I have seen since I left America, the other a man in whom I vainly imagined I would have a boon companion—a boon which was denied me—for when I approached the "man and brother" I was met with the stern Teutonic 'nitch English" which was a rebuff I was not wholly prepared for.

Here as in Germany there is practically no Sunday, but as you know the Germans have many Sundays in course of a year as he understands Sunday—which to him means a day given up to hilarity and pleasure seeking. There is every facility here afforded him in the enjoyments that they so delight in *i. e.* innumerable pleasure gardens every where up, down, and around, the mountains for miles away. There are carriages in great numbers ready at a moment's warning to carry you wherever you want to go and if you had pen not to speak German where you do not want to go, for be it known not one of these men speak English but one of the hundreds here who speak French and his team is a one horse concern in every sense of the word. The drives over excellent macadamized roads, are exceedingly fine and health giving. The mountains are beautifully grand, covered as they are with spruce and other trees. Wherever you go the pleasure garden and lager beer saloon are there to cheer and refresh you.

The programme is I believe when we leave Bohemia to go to Wildbad thence to Switzerland thence home. Send me some papers to Hotel des Avaunts Pres Monteux Switzerland.

The Atlantic Monthly.

FOR AUGUST, 1881.

CONTENTS.

Dr. Breen's Practice. I.-III. W. D. Howells.
French Domestic Life and its Lessons John Durand.
Corda Concordia, Read at the Opening Session of the Summer School of Philosophy: Concord, July 11, 1881 Edmund C. Stedman.
In Exile, A Story in Two Parts, Part I Mary Hallock Foote.
The New York Art Season. M. G. Van Rensalaer.
On the Acting of Iago. Richard Grant White.
The Portrait of a Lady. PXXIX-XLII. Henry James, Jr.
Sleep's Threshold. Edgar Fawcett.
The Indoor Pauper: A Sind. II Octave Thanet.
Tidal Waves. H. H.
Recollections of James T. Fields. Edwin P. Whipple.
Parton's Life of Voltaire. James Freeman Clarke.
Ward's English Poets. F. H. Underwood.
The Contributors' Club.
Books of The Month.

The Illustrated Scientific News.

The July issue of the Illustrated Scientific News teems with interesting illustrated articles, a few of which are as follow; The Doblear Telephone; Glass Grinding Machine; Ancient Pottery from Cyprus; Mechanical Larynx; Pleasure Car of the Days of Louis XIV; Amateur Mechanics; The Remarkable Palmyra Palm. Curious Fishes; Illustrations, explaining the bursting of Fly Wheels; A Velocipede Carriage. In addition to the numerous engravings, there is a large number of interesting, useful and practical papers, relating to various departments of popular science. This is one of the most elegantly printed and valuable periodicals.

Sold by all newsdealers. Published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

OBITUARY.

A. R BROOKS.

We find in the *Virginia Star* of last week notice of the death of A. R. Brooks of the city of Richmond. For many years he kept one of the leading liveries in that city and was reputed one of the most thrifty and successful of colored citizens. The special attention he gave to the education of his children from the close of the war, shows that he placed the proper estimation upon freedom and its obligations. He not only sent his two sons R. PEEL (now the popular lawyer) and WALTER H. (the eloquent and logical preacher) to the schools opened by the charitable associations, but to Carolina Mills in Rhode Island and in 1867 to Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, whence they both graduated to continue their professional studies—the former here in the Law Department of Howard University the latter at his *alma mater*—both with a flattering success.

The professional success of these young men is largely attributable to the foresight of their father who recognized the fact that the best guarantee of success in life lay in a thorough preparation for those spheres of activity in which they both seemed destined to play important parts. It was a pleasure for Mr. Brooks to make sacrifices for the education of his children, whether it was for those referred to, an older son Prince, or his two daughters one of whom, his name sake Alberta—the counterpart in wit and social qualities of her brother R. Peel,—who but a few years past preceded her father to the tomb.

To Mr. Brooks this bereavement was a sore affliction and reverses of fortune made his steps less elastic and buoyant; but to the last, he counted as his best work the effort made for the instruction of his children—a work in which he was the pioneer in his state. He was one of the last persons whom we had the pleasure of greeting during our recent trip in Richmond on returning from the Petersburg convention. *Requiescat in pace.*

PERSONAL.

Keep it in the house—that it may be promptly administered in all sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhœ, Colic, or any Affection of the Bowels, for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an effectual remedy. At this season of the year every family will find in it a useful and reliable curative.

Rev. George V. Clarke who graduated from the Theological department of Howard University this year goes to Athens Ga. soon, for the purpose of establishing a Congregational church.

Rev. W. A. St. Clair, a graduate of Howard University, Washington, D. C., is added to the list of Christian workers in our city. He has the pastoral charge of the congregation that worships in Howard Chapel. We heard him preach last Lord's Day evening, and talk in the preachers' meeting the next day, and believe him to be able to do good work. We hope all who can will hear him often.—"Educator and Reformer."

Another colored artist has recently risen to public notice in this city. His name is Henry J. Lewis, and he hails from Arkansas. Some days ago he visited the Ayer building, where quite a number of the "knights of the easel" have their studios, and displaying a sketch book filled with excellent drawings, he awoke considerable sympathy and attention. He claims to have had no teaching, but shows a knowledge of rule and technique amounting to genius. —"Chicago Conservator."

Mr. Samuel Williams, the recent graduate of the University of Michigan, is the only colored pupil who has graduated from the Lapeer, Michigan High School. At the Alumni meeting of that institution, last week, he was made toast master, and afterwards elected the orator of the next Alumni meeting. The colorline in Michigan is fading away.—Ex

Gen. R. B. Elliott, U. S. Treaury Agent, stationed here, returned to the city yesterday morning, after an absence of some two weeks, having gone to Columbia, S. C., to transact private business preparatory to his taking charge officially of his post at this port. The General's wife accompanies him on his return visit to the Crescent city.—"New Orleans Observer."

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATDURAY, JULY 30, 1881.

AGENTS.

Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washington
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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Advertisements see rates.

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CALVIN D. JOHNSON, - Local Editor.

LOCAL.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

☞ Don't fo get the Richmond Excursion to-night.

—Miss Julia W. Mason leaves for the country to day.

—Rev. J. H Brook's excursion will start for Richmond Thursday.

—Should Dr. Garnett remain Sunday he will preach at Berean church, 18th st. at 6 p. m.

—Miss Isabel I. Saunders has returned from a few weeks' visit to Port Tobacco, Md.

—Miss Mattie E. Lawrence who had spent several days here left Wednesday morning.

—Another victim of the toy pistol, Robert Brooks, was buried from the 5th Baptist church Tuesday.

—Miss Rosetta Coakley left Wednesday morning to recuperate at Asbury Park, N. J.

—*M*yrtle Hall, Harper's Ferry, W. Va., is closed for the reception of visitors this season.

—Miss "Florie" Lewis one of the most brilliant young ladies of Philadelphia is here the guest of Miss Lucy E. Moten.

—Miss *M*attie R. Bowen has gone to Newport, R. I. from which place she will make frequent excursions to Providence and adjacent points of interest.

—Grand Union pic-nic will be given by the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, at Gales' Woods, Monday, August 1st. Go and you will have a good time.

—Union Bethel A. M. E. Sunday School will give their pic-nic at Van Ness Garden Tuesday, August 2nd. The Garden wil be open from 9 a. m. to 7.30 p. m. Admission 10 cents. 2t.

—Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, D. D., and T. Morris Chester and wife took tea with Mrs. L. Chase, 1109 I street n. w., Thursday evening last.

—It has been said that nothing could stop Ben Hill's mouth, but this has been refuted by a cancer which has wrestled with him right manfully for some weeks.

—A petition signed by quite a number of our most prominent citizens has been presented to Dr. Garnett, requesting him to remain over tomorrow and preach for Rev. William Waring.

—There was a lively discussion on the inspiration of the scriptures last Monday morning at Mt. Pisgah A. M. E. church. Mr. Beckett, a theological student of Wilberforce University, was very much inspired so much so until they voted to continue it next Monday morning.

—Hon. H. H. Garnett, the newly accredited Minister to Liberia, arrived here Tuesday morning and stopped at Mr. Alex. Marshall's 1018, 15th st. n. w. Doctor Garnett is certainly one of the foremost men of our race. He "came to the front" forty years ago, and ever since his hand and his heart have been ever ready to respond where ever humanity has needed an advocate or the down trodden a defender.

—St. Luke's church was well-nigh crowded last Sunday afternoon by an excellent and critical audience. What drew this crowd was to hear the repetition of Dr. Crummell's masterly discourse on the late shooting of President Garfield. The discourse was listened to with evident interest, for the Doctor proved himself (as he has often done before), not only a man of ability, but a man of eloquence as well.

The Noble Bereans.

During the first six months of year the Berean people have lift a debt of $900. There are seventy-five members of the church and this makes an average of twelve dollars a member for the six months or twenty four dollars a year. In order to realize what this is, it is only necessary to bear in mind that Bethel church with its present membership would have to raise over $21,000. Asbury, $28,600 and the Fifth Baptist $36,000 a year to do as well.

—Over Twelve Thousand tickets are out for the Everybody,s Pic Nic to be given in Gale's Woods, August 3rd, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., and many will be anxious to learn who is to receive the prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold for selling the largest number of tickets. The presentation will be made at the pic nic at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

A brass band is to be in attendance all day and evening, and a grand time is expected. The committee in charge are J. G. Bergen, James W. Hicks, F. W. Carter, Mary A. Stewart, Carrie Brooks and Emory Johns. Tickets of Admistion will be only 10 cents.

Summer Notes.

Hon. John M. Langston, is expected home daily.

Mrs. Beckly and her sister Cleo Jones are at Atlantic City.

Mr. Bruce, brother to Register Bruce is in the city.

Miss Daniel Murray, Misses Carrie Brown. Alice Parke, Bettie Cox and Mary McKenny are at Snikersville, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Grimke, Miss Kiger, Mrs. Datcher and Mrs. Tucker are at Sandy Springs, Md.

The christening party at Prof. Greener's on Thursday evening was a very enjoyable affair.

Miss Mattie Shadd is at Camden, N. J. The Misses Barrier are enjoying a brilliant time at Detroit, Michigan.

Messrs. Gregg and Birnie of Charleston, South Carolina, young and enterprising business men, are in the city *en route* for home after an extended northern trip, They are "in the hands of their friends" and they are having an excellent time.

Milrose, Montana July 20, 1881.

Dear Sir:

I arrived in this mountainous country at 3 o'clock p. m. yesterday. Everywhere en route to this place from Denver to Utah, from Utah and to Idaho, the cry is for laborers. They get from $40 to $50 per month. Hotels would employ colored help it they could get them to stay afterbringing themhere. You will hear from me at Denver next week.

Isaiah Mitchell.

Few More Left.

There are a few more of those handsome steel engravings of Hon. John M. Langston on hand which we will mail to any address on the receipt of fifteen cents.

tf.

The colored citizens of Lexington, Ky. are rapidly approaching that *ne plus ultra* of perfection, which is so conducive as to demand the respect of all classes of people. They are owners of land in and out of the city, fine dwellings, farms, race and trotting horses, all kinds of blooded stock. They are engaged in nearly all departments of trade. Owners of livery and sale stables dealers in stoves and fancy tin ware; owners of confectionaries and hotels.—*Ex.*

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "ODD FELLOWS' COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of the order.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896. J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st, Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Star of the West 1369 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. D. M. Chambers P. S. 115 7th s. e.

Mount Olive Lodge No. 1333 meetings 1st and 3rd Mondays, Judson Malvin P. S. Lock Box 16, or 1711 11th street.

METROPOLITAN LODGE, No. 125, K. of W. M. 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7th Street n. w., J. W Cromwell, E. A., Dr. S. L. Cook G. S. and Medical Examiner.

K. of W. M.

Capital City Lodge No.—*K.* of W. M. was installed Tuesday evening last by H. C. Jolly, Grand Deputy, as follows: J. A. Simms, W. C., J. A. Simms jr., E. A., Daniel Hardy G. S.—W. H. Sease F. S. Robert P. Randolph Private, Wm. Becket, G. T., Rev. J. P. Shreeve, Prelate; John A. Smith, I. G.—Herald; Alexander Berry. W. W.—W. S. The new lodge starts off with eighteen members.

A Pathetic Truth.

Mr. Lee Nance, a young colored man of some prominence, says in a letter recently published: "Guiteau * * * has caused millions of patriotic Americans to shed tears by his attempt to assassinate our eminent, universally, honored and grateful Chief Magistrate President Garfield.—*Post.*

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Isaac Hunter, who was recently arrested in Leeds, England, on suspicion of being a "skirmisher," is well known in this city and in New York, where he recently resided.

He was prominently interested in the Fenian movement in 1870, and figured conspicuously as a Tammany Democrat from 1872 until 1880. Hunter is a colored man. —*Ex.*

Is not this Isaac H. brother to Rev. W. H. and Matthias Hunter of this city?

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This is the name of a set of **large bright-colored** and **beautiful** pictures of the following Bible scenes:

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5. MARY ANOINTS THE HEAD OF JESUS.
6. JESUS HEALS THE BLIND AND DUMB.
7. PETER WALKS ON THE WATER.
8. JESUS RAISES LAZARUS.
9. JESUS BLESSES LITTLE CHILDREN.
10. JESUS RIDES INTO JERUSALEM.
11. JESUS IS CRUCIFIED.
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Mrs. Buford, of Brunswick Co., Va., uses it largely in the colored Sunday-schools under her care. This is what she writes about it:

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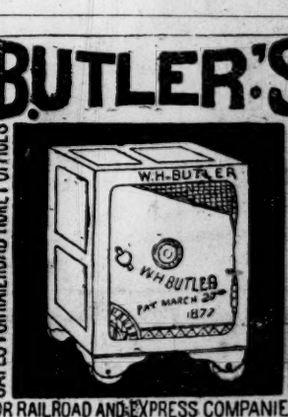

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LINCOLN HALL, CAMP HILL
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This large and commodious Hall, having been renovated and furnished, WILL BE OPENED, for the accommodation of the public JUNE 10TH 1881. Every pains will be taken to make the guests comfortable: the table will be well supplied. Horses and carriages can be hired by any one wishing to view the surrounding country, croquet and other amusements provided for

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BOARD $4.00 PER WEEK. Special rates for families.

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THE NEWS.

Dr. Geo. Reuling, the well-known oculist, a few days since performed a new and interesting surgical operation upon the eye of a boy about fourteen years of age, a resident of Cambria county, Pa., by the removal of a steel splinter from the eye.

A fire at Thomasville, Ga., destroyed the cotton warehouse of A. P. Wright & Co., containing 1,400 bales of cotton. The books of the city treasurer were lost.

Twenty-four bales of cotton of the new crop have been received at Savannah from Southern Georgia via the Central Railroad.

Mayor King, of Philadelphia, has issued a decided popular proclamation antagonizing the carrying of concealed weapons, which promises to bring to grief the murderous intentions of the rabble of that city.

The Governor of Minnesota has been compelled to order out troops to protect the lumber interests from the belligerent strikers now rampant in that state.

A dispatch from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, says that the town of Harford was almost entirely burned down. Several of the most valuable blocks in the town were destroyed.

The schooner in which two employes of the Spanish Bank of Cuba are supposed to have shipped $200,000 of the funds of the bank sailed for Vera Cruz, but was ordered back to Havana by the Spanish consul, who made the captain responsible for the delivery of the men on board to the Cuban authorities.

Capt. C. P. Smith, the veteran steamboat captain and hero of the Seawanhaka disaster, died at his home in Roslyn, N. Y.

The Third National Bank was organized at Chattanooga, with a paid-up capital of $125,000. Dr. Wm. Morrow, of Nashville, is the president, and J. H. Fulton, of Nashville, cashier.

A fire at the ship-yard of the Pusey & Jones Company, Wilmington, Del., destroyed the business office, a number of workshops and a new vessel, built for South American waters.

Mr. Domingo Santa Maria has been elected President of Chili. He is represented to be an able man, liberal in his views, and anxious to terminate the war with Peru.

Justice Nathan Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, died at Cornish.

Cassard & Co.'s lard manufactory, Baltimore, with other buildings, were destroyed by fire. Loss $75,000 to $100,000.

Frank Sullivan, clerk in an avenue store, was fined $5 in Washington, D. C., for selling a toy pistol to a boy, the judge holding that it was unlawful to sell weapons to a minor. This is the first prosecution of the kind in the District.

A telegram was received at the State Department from Mr. Angell, United States Minister to China, announcing the ratification of the two treaties between the United States and China which were exchanged at Pekin.

The fire which destroyed the furniture works of Heynes, Spencer & Co. at Richmond, Ind., also destroyed a revolving desk which President Garfield had ordered for his private use.

There is another thing which surprises the North. It is the rapid development of public sentiment in the South in favor of the doctrines of centralization. This development is perhaps greater than the South itself is aware of. There is no doubt that the Southern people are gradually but surely losing their respect and admiration for the doctrine of state rights.

It is rumored, according to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, that a new telegraph company has been formed by American and English capitalists, with a capital stock of $10,000,000 already subscribed. It is said Mr. James R. Keene is to be president.

An attache of the Chinese embassy at Washington says that the Chinese students now being educated at American academies and colleges will be sent to European institutions. American ideas are too progressive for the Celestials.

A telephone message was sent from Paterson, N. J., to Buffalo, the distance being 390 miles. This test was the first one made for so long a distance, and was made with an inductive coil.

Mrs. Garfield is said to have more faith in Dr. Reyburn than any other of the president's attending physicians. Dr. Reyburn is a mild-mannered man, with auburn hair, an old army surgeon, and a Scotchman by birth.

The steamer Alicante, on which the matanzas bank robbers carried off their plunder, has returned to Havana. About $80,000 of the stolen money were recovered, and the fugitive clerks were taken into custody. Captain-General Blanco has demanded the surrender of some 200 accomplices, who are supposed to have gone to Mexico.

The Nashville *American* informs the public that the records of large lists of prisoners in the Tennessee state prison have been lost, and no one can tell the length of the term for which they were sentenced.

A few years ago the stock of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange was sold with difficulty at $50 per share. Its par value is $500, but recently it was quoted on 'change at $1,800, and shares were sold at that large figure. This fact is a conspicuous indication of the prosperity now booming in the Southern states.

A mad cat was shot in Jersey City after she had bitten a man and a horse.

The steamship City of Worcester, now being fitted out at Wilmington, is to be illuminated with Edison's electric lamps.

Advices from Buenos Ayres, dated June 29, state that a presentation has been made to the American minister there as a mark of approval of his labors in effecting a peaceful arrangement of the frontier question between Chili and the Argentine Confederation.

Russia, at the beginning of 1880, had a total state debt of about $2,450,000,000. It not only exceeds that of the United States, but is constantly of the increase, instead of being diminished by payments on account.

A fire at Cardington, Ohio, destroyed property to the value of $60,000. Fifteen houses were burned.

The condition of the president is hopeful, and indications of life are of the most favorable character. It is now admitted by Surgeon Hamilton, of New York, that he will recover.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the House of Commons Sir William V. Harcourt, Home Secretary, in reply to Viscount Sandon (Conservative), said the report of the discovery of infernal machines at Liverpool was substantially correct.—The funeral of Dean Stanley took place from Westminster Abbey, and was largely attended.—The death sentences passed upon Midhat Pasha and others are to be commuted to exile.—Baron de Fada has been appointed Italian Minister to Washington.—The London *Standard* says that every incident of President Garfield's illness is watched with keen and mournful interest in England.

Captain Boycott and his wife have returned to Lough Mask.—Fresh persecutions of the Jews in Southern Russia have begun.—The Bey's troops have gone over to the insurgents en masse.—England will hereafter make no pecuniary advances to ransom British subjects when not acting in a public capacity in the event of their capture in Turkey or other countries.—The London press comments with moderation on the alleged shipment of infernal machines from America, and believes the United States will do all in its power to suppress the practice.—The cattle epidemic in Russia is spreading.—Mr. Gladstone defended the Transvaal policy of the government in the House of Commons.

The English authorities are making a thorough investigation of the circumstances attending the recent shipment of infernal machines from America to Liverpool. The customs officers at Cork have been directed to use great caution in admitting goods of a suspicious character. Leading fenians reprobate the use of such instruments in their controversy with England.—The Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, has issued a pastoral letter violently attacking the Italian people and government.—Another plot against the life of the czar has been discovered, and a number of persons have been arrested.

Wifely Devotion in America.

Referring to the courage, intelligence and devotion shown by Mrs. Garfield since the assassination of her husband, and the tributes the people have paid to her in consequence, the Springfield *Union*, without in the least detracting from the credit to which the noble lady is entitled, says the splendid traits she has shown as a brave and loyal wife are but the legitimate outcome of our American civilization, and illustrate, in a lofty and conspicuous place, what American wives may be and what unity of heart and life is possible in our domestic life. Mrs. Garfield is the type of thousands of other wives in the country. The *Union* adds:

"It is not right to say that such wifely devotion is impossible in other countries, but it is certain that nowhere else is it so possible as to be expected. In no other society may the wife be so clearly the equal of her husband, the helpmeet in all his duties, the lightener of his cares and the soother of his sorrows. "They twain shall be one flesh" is thoroughly illustrated to-day in the White House, but the White House is happily the imperial example of the true American home. There are unhappy homes and disordered marriage ties enough in this country, Heaven knows, but the national recognition of the mutual devotion in the President's family is a proof that the heart of the people is right in its appreciation of the sacredness of the marriage vow. With such a conspicuous example before the people, it is to be hoped that more earnest thought will be devoted to our domestic life. If the marriage bond appears now more sacred, let it be guarded more securely. The loose laws of divorce have occasioned loose ideas of marriage. These laws must be rectified, society must be raised to the elevation of its best thoughts, the debasing inuendoes of cynics must be hushed, the man must learn to regard the woman as an equal partner and the woman must labor to become the very right hand and not the mere toy of the man. Such is the privilege and dignity of American wives, and such will be the outcome, if the beautiful example at the White House impresses itself as it should upon the husbands and wives of the nation.

Stanley's Road Along the Congo.

A letter from a private correspondent at the mouth of the Congo, which has lately come to hand, contains some remarkable statements with regard to the means adopted by Mr. Stanley to procure laborers for the road he is making along the bank of that river. When Mr. Stanley left Mboma he took with him a large number of blacks. Many of these, as well as several of his white followers, soon died, and most of the remainder fled to escape the hard treatment of the determined explorer. His only resource then was to purchase slaves, who are to be had in any quantity; and these, it is stated, are working at the road chained in gangs of six, nine, and even twelve. We should fain hope that there may be some exaggeration in this report, though it is quite consistent with the rumors that have reached us from those who have actually visited Mr. Stanley's station. The progress made is very slow, the road being carried over steep mountains at an angle of sixty degrees. Moreover, M. de Brazza, the French explorer, who recently passed from the Ogove to the Congo, crossed two tablelands, which seemed to extend all the way to the coast, and inland beyond the Congo Falls, and which will form a much easier and cheaper route to the Upper Congo than the road which Mr. Stanley is constructing at so great an expenditure of life and money. The trade in the region of the Congo and Ogove is rapidly extending, according to the correspondent referred to, and the import duties imposed by the French authorities are yielding a large revenue.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HUMOROUS.

"Where there's swill there's a way," as the hog said when he rooted the back gate off its hinges to come at the kitchen swill barrel.

The young lady who distinguished herself at college commencement, like a building committee, is ready to receive proposals.

Oh, why does the small boy utter the midnight moan? Hush, keep quiet. Bring the mixture. 'Tis the cherry's tone.—*New Haven Register.*

The following is the way an editor would put it: "Men may come and men may go," but "Heaven defend us from the man who comes but never goes."

Jones thinks the reason why people always take their opera-glasses when they sail on North Shore excursions is that they are going to sea.—*Boston Globe.*

Detroit is known as "the City of the Straits," and Chicago, bound to be different, very naturally takes the name of "the City of the Crooks."—*Boston Post.*

Although we are not troubled as the ancients were in making bricks without straw, still a straw is a great aid to a fellow desiring to put a brick in his hat.—*Boston Globe.*

An Iowa cow succeeded recently in killing an elephant, a lion and a camel. Brave cow! She did it by getting under the train bearing these creatures, and ditching it.—*Boston Post.*

A Yankee bicycle dealer has utilized the happy thought of presenting a pair of crutches and a box of court plaster to each purchaser of a bicycle. He is monopolizing the trade.—*Norristown Herald.*

A paper recently started in New York is called the *Traveler's Friend*. Mr. Pinaphor, whose business calls him from home frequently, says the best traveler's friend is an arrangement made of glass and holds about a pint.

It is a very easy matter for a person to be in two places at a time, even though those places be thousands of miles apart. One frequently hears of a man being in a strange country, and home sick.—*American Queen.*

"When the swallows homeward fly," "When the bloom is on the rye," "And the corn is gently waving, Annie, dear," "I will meet you at the gate," though it may be rather late, and the hundredth time pour taffy in your ear.—*Derrick.*

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

It is all very well to be a promising youth, but the hard part is to keep your promise in after life.

For everything you have missed you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something.

You may safely commit the child's clothes to the servant, but the rest of the little one you had better take care of yourself.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes. All other passions do occasional good, but wherever pride puts in its word, everything goes wrong, and what might be desirable to do quietly and innocently, is morally dangerous to do proudly.

A Remarkable Checker-Board.

A New York writer tells this story of a remarkable checker-board:

There was a checker-board in this city a few years ago (and probably it is still here) that was a sort of grand mogul of checker-boards. It was made in Florence, and one man worked two hundred and eighty years putting it together, or two hundred and eighty men worked one year, I forget which. It was made in the top of a table, and was composed of thousands of tiny pieces of stone, so nicely fitted together it was impossible to see where they were joined. If the pieces of stone had been larger the checker-board had been made quicker. When the table was done there had been so much labor expended upon it that nobody in Italy could afford to buy it. The workmen were discouraged, but the master bid them be of good heart. He had been trying in vain to sell the table to some of his countrymen for $15,000. But he heard that a party of Americans were visiting Florence, and he put a new tag on the table, marked it $30,000, and stood it in his show window. Sure enough, the Americans came along. One of them who would have turned up his nose at a $15,000 table, snapped at the $30,000 one. So it came to New York, and stood for some years in a house in one of the cross streets, very near Fifth avenue. About four years ago the owner of the table checker-board determined to spend a year or so abroad. He had a large quantity of valuable furniture, and he put it all in a storage warehouse, where the chairs and tables had "private plastered compartments at low rates." He was in Europe for a year or more, and when he returned he found that the storage warehouse had moved. That was nothing extraordinary, but the firm had forgotten to leave their new address. In other words they had taken all this gentleman's valuable furniture and disappeared. There was a long search, and some of the furniture was recovered, but just where the $30,000 checker-board is at this moment it would puzzle anybody to tell. This was, no doubt, the finest checker-board in America, and perhaps the handsomest ever made.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.

GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.

Gold ore and a deposit in the savings bank are very much the same, inasmuch as they are both money in accrued state.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS
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To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.

No one once trying it will ever be without it, over 500 physicians use it.

(New York Union)
Did Him Good.

Mr. Charles H. Bauer, editor of the above paper and notary public, in a late issue mentions the following: Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago suffered much from rheumatism, and tried almost every means to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacob's Oil, which he did so successfully that all pain has left him, and he is healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacob's Oil, and it has done him good.

Follow the example of trees—keep some things in the shade.

(Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co., News.)

We never saw any one joyous when suffering from pain; neuralgia, for instance. In relation to this malady Mr. Geo. Guyett, proprietor Guyett House, thus informed our representative: I have used St. Jacob's Oil for neuralgia, and can confidently recommend it to any one similarly affected.

A single ticket broker in New York is said to sell $1,000,000 of tickets a year.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

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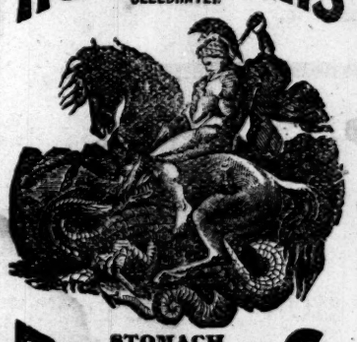

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